### ANTS AT WORK AND AT WAR

NEW YORKER'S SUMMER DAYS SPENT IN WATCHING THEM.

Many Things About Them That He Couldn't Understand, but He Marvels at Their Intelligence-Twice Gave Battle to Mival Colony-An Attack oh a Toad.

"At and around the foot of an old apple tree in our back yard," said a New Yorker who this year is leading the simple life in the pleasant dairy country of Orange county, "we planted nasturtiums and other flowers last spring, and as they began to appear above ground I spent a good deal of my spare time watching them grow. Although the apple tree is in bearing its stem is hollow at the butt, with a large, knotty opening on one side three feet or so from

"As the season advanced I began to notice that what I had at first supposed was a little sprinkling of sawdust that had in some way been spilled at the foot of the tree, beneath the opening in the side, was growing and forming into a mound of considerable size. And then for the first time I began to take notice of numerous black ants, some of them a third of an inch long, and with enormous heads, whose travelling up and down the stem of the old tree had not beforeattracted my attention. I was not long in discovering that they were of a colony of ants that had taken possession of the hollow tree trunk and which was fixing up that interior for its home. Then the mystery of the mound of sawdust was cleared up.

"Somewhere in the hidden depths of that hollow it was plain that members of the ant colony were busily mining away the decayed wood to form such apartments as were required, while others were industriously bearing the débris up from the depths and casting it out at the opening. Ant after ant appeared at the edge of the opening, in continuous procession, each with a grain of wood in its jaws, which it would drop to the ground. Little showers of these grains were in the air constantly.

About three inches below the opening to the hollow trunk a bit of the tree's bark was loose at the upper end and flared out from the wood so that it made a pocket a couple of inches wide and of the same depth. Into this some of the grains would lodge, and by and by it was nearly filled. Then one day an ant of much larger size and who acted to me as if he was a sort of boss or inspector came up out of the hollow and went to looking around. The accumulation of mine waste behind that bark appeared to catch his eye and he hurried own the trunk, passed around and over ected it from all sides, and then urried excitedly back to the opening above I am not prepared to say what he did the next few seconds, but when he reappeared at the end of that time and came hurriedly fown the tree to the pocket he was accompanied by a dozen or more of the smaller ants, which, apparently under his orders went to work clearing the débris from that pocket and dropping it to the mound below intil it was all removed.

"'That's all exceedingly amazing!' I found nyself saying to myself, 'but what's to hinder the ants from filling that pocket from above the same as before? And what difference does it make anyhow?'

"Just what difference it made I. of course will never know, but the boss ant must have thought it made a difference or he wouldn't have ordered the pocket cleaned out; but I soon found out what would hinder it from filling up again. From the time the débris was removed from behind that obstructing bit of bark the procession of ants that bore the mined wood from the lepths carried their burdens down below the pocket before dumping them.

"After I had watched this further exhibition of intelligent management a long time. I interfered to save the extra labor and stripped the flaring piece of bark off down to where it had been, though, before they seemed to become aware of the removal of the obstruction. Then they resumed their old damping place at the mouth of the opening. The boss ant appeared on the scene some time after those ants had found that trip unnecessary and he acted to me as if he was all put out because the others were not following orders. But he soon discovered what had happened, and returned calm and satisfied to his post, whatever it was,

down in the mining district of the tree. "Thus the work went on, days and days, without further incident until the mound from the hollow tree had risen three or four inches in height and covered a foot or more of ground. Then I noticed that at intervals several of the bigger ants, the inspectors or bosses, as I classed them came out of the works and made tours of the mound, going around it and over it and eyidently sizing it up. Then one day down came half a dozen or so of these big ants, and with them a host of the ants that seemed

to be doing the menial labor. "These instantly 'threw off their coats." so to speak, and buckled in to the work of carrying that mound of stuff away. Taking it up grain by grain that army of laboring ants carried it off in all directions, spreading it around on the ground until after several days the mound had been reduced to a level. I couldn't see any reason for this, but it wasn't for me to reason why. When the work was done at last the laboring ants returned to their places in the depth of the tree.

"The work of mining inside the tree and the dumping of the débris out of the opening continued all through the month of June, and although another mound of dust was formed it was not disturbed. But in the meantime there had been exciting episodes in the life of the colony. Our nasturtiums had come into bud and blossom, and the radiant bank of bloom attracted to it various winged things and things that were not winged. And one day, seeking these, came a solemn, big eyed toad, sitting between the edge of the refuse and the inner border of the nasturtiam bed. What was either an inspecting or scouting party of the big ants from the colony in the hollow was passing in irregular course that way. There were three in the party and the course of one of them was taking it within the line of the toad's vision but at least four inches distant. As the ant came in line the toad cocked his head on one side as if to make sure that he saw something, and then, quick as a flash of lightning, he hurled his long, glutinous tongue at the ant and in another flash the ant was in the toad.

One of the ant's companions had been eye witness to this tragedy, having turned in that direction at that instant. He stopped and quickly backed away out of possible range and seemed to ponder the situation. The third ant, unconscious of the sad fate that had befallen his comrade; was some cistance ahead, hurrying toward the tree The ant that had witnessed the tragic taking off of his late assoicate paused but an instant on the spot, and then away he went on the double quick and overtook the third ant as he was beginning the trip up the tree trunk. He must have told this ant right there and then what had happened, for this one raised to an almost upright pesi-

tion, and for all the world it looked to me as if he was exclaiming:

"'Great heaven! You don't tell me!

"At any rate, after an excited confab at the foot of the tree the two ants went up the trunk a way and then made their way around it until they came to a spot directly above where the toad sat. The two ants gazed down at the menters while held angazed down at the monster a while, held an-other excited confab and then turned up the tree and disappeared into it through a smaller opening, which I had some days before discovered was a rear entrance to the colony's abode. I was quite sure something was going to happen.

"Soon out of that rear entrance a stream of anta began to pour enormous fallows."

thing was going to happen.

"Soon out of that rear entrance a stream of ants began to pour, enormous fellows, bigger than any I had seen yet. Some of them seemed half an inch long, and they were armed with powerful jaws. Two smaller ants that were with them were undoubtedly the two that had carried home the terrible news, for they led the way down the tree and over to a point from which the army behind them could view the great beast. This following of big ants must have been the military of the colony, for after looking the field over they debouched and came to the ground in a strategio position in the rear of the toad, who sat there all humped up.

"There must have been fifty or more of those big ants, and they marched in a mass against the toad. Before he was aware of their presence they had climbed all over him, and from the way he began to hop I knew those great jaws of theirs were getting their work in on him well. The first hop took him into the thick of the nasturtium bed, but if he had awakened to what had struck him and expected to wipe those ants off of him by contact with the thicks growing plants he was sadly mistaken. The ants hung on and nipped, and not until they had magged him clear over to the edge of the yard, where he tumbled among some thick growths of young lilac bushes, did the ants consider that they had sufficiently triumphed. Then one by one they dropped off and by and by came straggling back through the grass, or those of them that had not fallen in the fight, and sought their barracks in the old tree's deoths. in the fight, and sought their barracks in the

old tree's depths.

"Of course, after that emphatic and complete bounce the ants had given him, I didn't expect ever to see that toad around there again, so I was not a little surprised when I went out next day to see what was going on around the tree to come face to face with Mr. Toad the very first thing. And when I saw how he had fixed himself I couldn't help but say right out:

face with Mr. Toad the very first thing. And when I saw how he had fixed himself I couldn't help but say right out:

"Well," you've got some brains in that old warty noddle of yours after all!"

"It was evident that the toad had great expectations at and about that spot, and didn't intend to be taken by surprise and hustled away from there again, not if he knew it. He had scooped out for himself a little hollow in the ground and the spongy wood of the tree and had backed into it with just the front of his head out, so that he could see what was going on outside and could act accordingly, but with his rear entirely protected. He was discovered during the day by scouting ants, fortunately for them at a safe distance, and they must have carried the news home, for some of the big ants came down after a while and reconnoitred him. They doubtless reported that the toad's position was a little too strong for the ant army to attempt to carry, and the toad remains in his retreat to this day when not out foraging elsewhere about the vard. And no ant of that colony has passed within six inches of that little hollow at the foot of the tree since the toad made it and located there. The toad has done a good business, however, in strange or stray ants that have happened to pass.

"Ordinarily there was nothing besides the working of the ants and the passing up and down of other ants of the colony engaged apparently on merely routine

up and down of other ants of the colony engaged apparently on merely routine business to attract attention to them any but one day about the middle of June. day, but one day about the middle or June, as I was glancing casually over things under the old apple tree, suddenly from the main opening of the hollow and various other exits which I then for the first time saw ants began hurrying out in the utmost excitement—in what seemed a panic in fact—and ran wildly about, most of them fact—and ran wildly about, most of them scrambling toward the ground. At first I thought the dreaded toad had worked his way into the depths of the hollow and was cleaning out things there, but glancing down I saw that he was sitting stolidly in his hole. That glance down, though, discovered to me what had set all the ants crazy. On the ground in myriads ants of another kind were swarming.

"These ants were not one-tenth the size of the wood ants and they were pink and almost transparent. In the midst of the swarm was a group of their kind, but with wings, and around these the others seemed to me to be maintaining a strict guard. It was the presence of these ants, and they must have come up out of the ground, their appearance had been so sudden, that had created the panic in that wood ant

must have come up out of the ground, their appearance had been so sudden, that had created the panic in that wood ant colony. The big black ants would rush in and seize upon the little red ones, only in nine cases out of ten to be instantly seized by a host of red ones and torn to pieces, for the red ants, small as they were, were fierce as tigers. The big black ants were no match at all for the little red ones. It seemed to me as if the object of the black ants was to get at and capture the group of winged red ants that were kept in the centre of the swarm, and that it was to prevent this that the guarding red ants fought so fiercely. At any rate after a savage fight of ten minutes or more, in which the field was strewn with dead and wounded of both sides, the blacks retired and made their way back up the tree, scores of them burdened with red ants which had fastened on their legs and feelers and other parts of their bodies, ants which had lastened on their legs and feelers and other parts of their bodies, where they hung like leeches, the pain making the big ants frantic.

A red ant that had selesed hold of a big

making the big ante frantic.

A red ant that had seized hold of a big black soldier ant's fore leg, out of reach of the big ant's jaws, had in turn been seized by another black soldier ant, and this one had succeeded in tugging both off the field. All of its tugging, however, and tearing at the red ant would not induce the tenacious little ant to release the black soldier ant, and so the other big ant, holding to the red ant and the red ant holding to the leg of the soldier ant, dragged them both to the tree and labored with the burden up the tree trunk three feet or more, where he disappeared in the hollow, the big soldier ant hanging from the jaws of the red ant limp and dead, but the red ant still alive and resisting the effort to make it release its hold.

"After the battle and the retreat of the

make it release its hold.

"After the battle and the retreat of the black ant army the surviving host of red ants and their winged charge disappeared under the ground as suddenly as they had appeared. What puzzled me, and puzzles me yet, is by what mysterious telegraphy the black ants in the depths of that old apple tree knew of the coming of the army of red ants on the ground. telegraphy the black ants in the depths of that old apple tree knew of the coming of that army of red ants on the ground at the foot of the tree almost on the instant that it had appeared. The incident occurred a second time during that week, with the same results. Each time after the red ants had disappeared a force of the worker ants of the wood ant colony came down and carried the dead and wounded, both black and red, up the tree to the hollow. Now and then a wounded red ant would close on a black ant thus engaged, and never letting up would soon bring that ant to the condition of those that it had come down to carry off the field. And a strange thing during all this excitement in the colony and the fierce battles was that there would be never a break in the regularity of that procession of the ants that were carrying the refuse from the mine and bearing it to the dump. Those ants were evidently seeing their duty and doing it, regardless of war or rumor of war.

"That work, having been pushed with

rumor of war.
"That work, having been pushed with "That work, having been pushed with a greatly increased force of ants during the last few days of it, ceased about July i, and I presume the ant home was then finished. Ants of all kinds, in the colony have since then been busy carrying in and storing supplies. I suppose for the winter. If that old apple tree trunk should be cut in twain what wonderful things we undoubtedly would see in the home and home life of that colony of great ants."

An Accessible Governor. From the National Magazine.

On the glass of the double doors leading On the glass of the double doors leading to the offices of the Governor of Massachusetts there is printed this cordial invitation: "Walk in." And many visitors to the famous State House beneath the golden dome on Beacon Hill who might otherwise pass by contenting themselves with furtive glances feel that here is a welcome so plain and cordial that any timidity they might otherwise be conscious of is entirely dispelled.

## OLD TIME NAVY BOAT RACING

SOME FURTHER LEAVES FROM BULL M'CARTHY'S LOG.

The Trip of the Laneaster to England in '84 and the Poetry Inspired Thereby-The set, but Got Fouled in Its Later Tries.

The United States flagship Laucaster, Rear Admiral Charles H. Baldwin commanding, set sail from Lisbon for Southampton, England, on July 23, 1884, with a crew of newly enlisted men. Young William McCarthy, however, was not a green man. Before entering the navy he had learned the printing trade in that famous house on Franklin Square-Harper & Bros. -and by virtue of the knowledge so acquired he was appointed ship's printer on

the Lancaster. On leaving Lisbon the Lancaster encountered bad weather and put into Corunna, Spain, for coal. The Bay of Biscay is an evil sea at best and many a ship and many a seaman have found a salt grave there. Cape Finisterre, black and perilous, was rounded in safety, and all felt happier when the ship cast anchor in Corunna.

Perhaps it was the state of the weather on the trip to Corunna, perhaps it was merely the fact of a green crew, each faction of which was sizing up the other, but anyhow the Lancaster saw turbulent doings aboard her as she pounded her way through the Bay of Biscay.

The newly enlisted men were naturally divided into crowds-the Boston crowd, the New Yorkers, the San Francisco crowd and since at that moment John L. Sullivan was at the apex of his fame the Bostonians naturally felt themselves somewhat superior. This lasted only until a New Yorker challenged a worshipper of the Sacred Codfish to combat in the hold.

Some time elapsed and then the New Yorker appeared, remarking cheerfully: "Well, I've just prepared a mess of beans below-" He said it in the most pleas antly interrogative way, too. Thereafter the Boston men took off their hats to the

New Yorkers aboard. There were other pugilistic ceremo aboard, not to speak of chasing the pig and climbing the pole. And at this point we cannot refrain from interpolating a few lines from the comic poet indicative of an internal crisis on the Lancaster: UNNECESSARY ORDERS FOR TARRING DOWN. Sprinkle, sprinkle lots of tar,

When aloft at work you are: Up above the deck so high,
Wingless angel near the sky,
When you're riding down a stay,
Rub it well into the lay;
Capsize your pot and view the spray;
Oh! I tell you it is gay;
Smother paintwork near and far,
Smithle sprinkle lots of far, is Sprinkle, sprinkle lots of tar.

Sprinkle, sprinkle lots of tar, Rub it well into the backstays; Sprinkle, sprinkle lots of tar.

Sprinkle, sprinkle lots of tar, Chew tobacco, squirt the juice Over everything in use,
Thus my U. S. naval tar,
Though many miles from fond mamma
And the rod of stern papa,
You'll learn the wrinkle in a twinkle

How to sprinkle lots of tar. discontent appears to have been Capt. Edward E. Potter, who had succeeded Capt. Bancroft Gherardi in the command of the flagship. List to what that same comic poet said: The cause of this philosophically voice

Captain Potter, Captain Potter, are you going to make it hotter, hotter than Gherardi did, for the uncomplaining mid? Captain Potter, If you do, I'll devoutly pray for you. you have us up at night, watching stars that shine so bright, taking lunar observations, bothering you with calculations? Oh, the wrath has long been hid of the uncom-

Captain Potter, Captain Potter, I'm a splice and a knotter; I can figure with the best. I and Bowditch you can test. So must I chase the men about and turn their stew-holes inside out? And anything a middy foxes, from oilskin clothes to ditty boxes put them in the "lucky" bag and from the owner take no nag? I must do as I am bid. I'm an uncomplaining mid.

Snatching clothes upon the Q. T. Gherard! made my special duty, and he thought it was my place men around the decks to chase; men as old as father, and, sir, I would rather to the service bid ta-ta and stay at with fond mamma; for while a mid I've had to suffer, I've been called a little duffer. These words are spoke by Ephraim Kid, a

Considering how seriously the comic poet took the state of affars it is a wonder that the serious poet did not make way with himself. But he did not. He was

that the serious poet did not make way with himself. But he did not. He was heard from later.

The Lancaster stayed one day in Corunna, and having coaled she left for Southampton. At 2 o'clock in the morning the white cliffs of the Isle of Wight were sighted and at 4 the ship struck bottom and found herself aground on the Netley Needles.

With the first bump Barney Brady of Cream Hill, Nutmeg State, ejaculated his surprise and with the keenness of a farmer (his former vocation) made a dive for the berth deck to secure his black bag.

The tide coming in at the time of the mishap enabled the Lancaster to float off. Since the entrance to Southampton, obstructed as it is by treacherous shingle banks, is considered the most dangerous on the coast of England (we quote the log) the ship flew the pilot flag, but that important individual did not put in an appearance till the vessel had run aground.

The Lancaster came to anchor in Southampton Water opposite the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley, at midnight of August 2, her consort, the Quinnebaug, being already there with the mail from home.

A yacht race took place on August 5, all the Southampton yachts competing, and an invitation was extended to the Lancaster's carsmen to compete with the men from the yachts.

On Friday morning an excursion boat came alongside and an invitation was extended to the Lancaster's race boat, the Uncle Sam, to join in an open match, and Capt. Potter gave his consent.

The Uncle Sam took its place for the star with a blue pennant in the bow, on which was painted in gold a rooster crowned with fifteen stars to prove to his English cousins that Sam was the champion of European waters from the North Sea to the coast of Syria, each star in his flag indicating a victory.

At the words 'Are you ready?" every man in the regetta bent to his car, and as "Gol" in the part of the star with a plue pennant in the box, on which was painted in gold a rooster crowned with fifteen stars to prove to his English cousins that Sam was the champion of European

At the words "Are you ready?" every man in the regatta bent to his oar, and as "Go!" rang out clear and distinct from the referees' stand each boat seemed to jump out of the water.

An attempt was made to foul Uncle Sam, but the hand that held the tiller was guided by a seaman's eye. As Sam overhauled the other boats one by one and forged shead the coxswain stepped the Stars and Stripes in the stern sheets of the boat to proclaim that America had won the day. Passing the referees' stand the crew tossed oars and gave three hearty cheers that caught an echo from their defeated adversaries. Then they crowned the rooster with another

Then they crowned the rooster with another A week later Uncle Sam received an invi-A week later Uncle Sam received an invitation to join in the regatta at Portsmouth and the Lancaster's boat won a brilliant victory. This race created great excitoment, as the best carsmen of London and Portsmouth had pulled expressly to defeat the American boat. H. R. H. the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) witnessed the race and gave the American crew great praise. The victors got twenty-four hours shore liberty to enjoy some "mild and bitter" with their opponents.

On September 3 all hands were piped to muster aboard the flagship and Received.

ment—62. On September 4 Mrs. Richard Sartoris, daughter of Gen. Grant, visited the Lan-

aster.

It was on a Wednesday, September 17, that a raceboat of eighteen cars called the Black Diamond, belonging to a Southampton club, carse alongside the Lancaster and challenged for a five mile race in Southampton Water. The offer was quickly accepted and \$50 put to.

and £30 put up.

The Americans were here at a disadvantage, for the Black Diamond was much lighter than the Uncle Sam. She was longer, had less beam and pulled four oars more. Her coxswain was a Southampton pilot the property acquisited with the water. pilot thoroughly acquainted with the water of the herbor.

of the herbor.

The race started at 3 o'clock from the Royal Pier, the course being two and a half miles down the harbor and back to the starting point. The two boats kept together until they rounded the stake boat. Then the Englishman altered his course a little sward shore to take advantage of the slack water, the Uncle Sam following the same course that he had taken at the start. During the race small boats were continually crossing the Uncle Sam's bow and the coxswain had to alter his course at times to avoid collisions. A deal of time was lost in this way and the Black Diamond reached the home stake first.

Sixty pounds was immediately raised and the Black Diamond was challenged for another race over the same course.

and the Black Diamond was challenged, for another race over the same course.

The race took place on October ,, a fine bright day. The American coxswain was given to understand that no fouling would be allowed. Not a sound came from the throng standing on the pier as the two boats took their position for the start. At the word "Go!" Sam shot ahead. A murmur of disappointment arose, and

At the word "Go!" Sam shot shead. A murmur of disappointment arose, and ories of "the Yanks have got 'em!" were heard on all sides.

The Lancaster's rigging was black with men. On the bridge stood Rear Admiral Earl English, who had two weeks before taken command of the European station, Capt. Potter and the officers. Perched conspicuously on the flying jibboom was one of the crew holding at arm's length a large game rooster, which he was coaxing to crow.

to crow.

As the American boat passed the Lancaster a yell of delight arose. The Uncle Sam, with a determination to win, reached the stake boat first and turned fifteen seconds sconer than the Black Diamond.

Both boats now shaped their course so they could take an equal advantage of the slack water inshore, when the referee's boat, a large sidewheeler, following in the rear of the race, altered its course and passed between the Uncle Sam and the shore, thus compelling the Lancaster boys to row against the current, while the Black Diamond was allowed to pass through the line against the current, while the Black Dia-mond was allowed to pass through the line of boats that had quickly formed in the wake of the sidewheeler, thereby retaining the benefit of the slack water. Two small steam launches manned by Southampton pilots led the way for the Black Diamond through the favorable currents over the

through the favorable currents over the entire course.

"We then came to the conclusion," says the log book, "that ne American boat, no matter how well manned, could possibly win in Southampton Water. The friendly feeling existing between us and the Black Diamond previous to the race entirely died out. It was plain to be seen that the Southampton people had decided/to beat the Uncle Sam in the final race by foul means if they could not by fair, which they succeeded in doing with the aid of two or three of their contaminated pilots."

And where was young Bull McCarthy all this time? Cheering for the Lancaster's boat and composing the narrative of the boat races as he set it up in type with his own hand: eating, sleeping and meditating. Here is what he put in his stick about an eclipse:

In the evening of October 4 the eclipse

of the moon was plainly seen from the forecastle under exceptionally fine conditions. atmosphere glowed with a crimson and the moon rose with a pale, green gleam in the opposite skies. As higher she rose her silvery brightness increased until high in the transparent heavens the first contact of the black umbra broke in upon her brilliant disk.

And as the night went on the black incision of light remaining glittered like a small gleam grew fainter and fainter until the eye had to seek it out like a nebula among the stars. At this moment through the quartermaster's glass the aspect of the moon was most lovely in its delicate silver tracery. Then as time wore on the light of returning nghine spread gradually over the surface of the moon, and before the first hour of the coming morn she was again radiating her bright and silvery light, undimmed by po-numbral shade, through the unclouded skies.

DROVE WOLVES FROM NEW YORK. Why Pennsylvanians Had Grudge Against People of Southern Tier of Counties.

From the Newark Valley Herald. Wolf drives were held in this section less than a century ago. To the Hereld Dr. Gates famous drive in Tioga county, New York: In the year of our Lord 1828 the wolves then running in this county became so numerous and so pestilent that the towns of Richford, Berkshire, Candor, Union and Lisle held a conference over the question and at that meeting it was resolved to appoint two men in each town to act as a committee to drive the wolves beyond the Susquehanna

I can give the names of only two men on that committee, these being Anthony M. Tyler of this town and Horace Gates of the own of Union, there being no town of Maine then. In addition to the committee other men and large boys joined the drive. The outfit for each man was a dog, if he had one. a gun and plenty of ammunition and a large cow bell. Nights they stood on guard, ringthe wolves would not go back.

The march commenced about half way between Hartford Mills and Richford and was formed east toward Hunt's Corners and west toward Slaterville. The signal to march outh was the firing of a gun at North Richford, then every man on the line that had a gun fired it and every one rang his cow bell. At night dry trees were set on fire so the men could warm themselves and wild beasts would keep back. It must have been after the second Tuesday in February, for that was town meeting day at that time. Every man had his knapsack on his back

full of good victuals and could replenish is at almost any house he came to. The order of march was like a half moon the ends of each line ahead of the centre. Every day new volunteers joined in the march. Quite likely some old readers of this story can remember how long Pennsylvania held a grudge against New York for this act of driving the wolves into Pennsylvania.

GOLF ON A HOUSETOP. Putting Green in a Billiard Room—Driving Against Nets.

From the London Daily Mail. Aerial observers may see on the leads of large house looking over Regent's Park sort of huge cricket net and rugs of cocoaa sort of nume cricket net and rugs of cocos-nut matting. In another large house in the neighborhood the owner, who is a member of the House of Lords, has turned out his bil-flard table, stretched matting over the floor and perforated five round holes. Both these strange spectacles are indica-tion of the still increasing prevalence of the golf habit. The net on the leads is for prac-

ice at driving; the billiard room is converted into a putting green. A new and striking example of the habit was exhibited in the Royal Botanic Gardens yesterd ay, when the School of Golf opened its term. One of the first pupils was a famous Harley street physician, a Scotsman, who put himself down for a lesson at 7:15 each morning. The chief apparatus of the school consists of nets and putting greens. The beginners, under the personal instruction of professionals, are almost completely encircled by netting, but they strike a free ball and can tell whether it is sliced or pulled.

For the advanced golfer forty foot nets, stretched on telegraph wires and gigantic telegraph posts, are provided, and it is calculated that a good player can safely drive at the net from a distance of forty to fifty yards. No regular links are provided, but there is plenty of room for short approaches.

## CHEATING IN LAWN TENNIS

PUBLIC REBUKE TO PLAYERS WHO ACT UNFAIRLY.

Case of One in a Tournament Who frauded, So That His Opponent De-faulted—Blacklisted by Several Clubs The Pot Hunter Also Gets Notice.

Lawn tennis has the reputation of being gentleman's game, and for that reason the players are not watched very carefully as to points of decent procedure. But in this district only recently two cases came up that have caused a lot of comment, the more so perhaps because they got some special attention from American Laurn Tennis, the official publication of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association. Two brief editorials, one headed "The Cheat," the other "The Pot Hunter." caused no end of discussion, perhaps as much for the reason that they called attention to a very unfortunate state of affairs as for any other.

The publication of articles that called attention to vital defects in the makeup of certain men playing the "gentleman" the editorials were defended on the ground that just because these evils existed and had been condoned on many occasions by other players the only way to cause them to cease was to call attention to them in the most forcible way.

The case of the cheat was that of a young man who for three years has been barred from a certain tournament because of his known habits. Invariably when he is playing in a match where no referee happens to be provided he calls the points to his own advantage whenever the decision rests with him. In a certain recent match by dint of calling close balls out when his opponent struck them and by contending that his shots were in he forced the man opposed to him to so desperate a mood that the latter defaulted in the third set, although well in the lead.

This, it was said at the time, was a most unfair thing to do, because it gave the cheat the advantage which he sought through his fraudulent methods. To be sure, he did not get any further in that tournament, because thereafter there was a referee, and as the cheat is merely a second rater he had no opportunity to work his

Things like this call attention, too, to the need of competent referees for every match. To be sure, not all the men-not even a small number of those who take part in tournaments-would stoop to a thing of this sort. But with a referee there would be not the slightest chance for this man and his kind in subsequent tournaments. As matters stand now, that player is likely to find his field somewhat limited hereafter. His entry is to be rejected hereafter in this tournament in which he was an offender this year, and no less than two others have put him on the blacklist. As he continues he is likely to be able to play in few tournaments in the course of a

The editorials in the U. S. N. L. T. A. paper are: "The pot hunter thrusts himself upon every sport or pastime in some fashion or other, and we must endure him as best we can. In lawn tennis he is not so obtrusive as in some other branches of sport; but he is 'in our midst,' nevertheless, and sometimes he sorely tries our patience. To him the 'pot'-the trophy which he strives to win and always keeps in mind-is the beginning and end of his striving. His mind travels far beyond the competition itself, and the exhibaration of the play and the joy of the strife are subsidiary to the thought of the prize at the end.

"Consolation prizes are the specialty of the genus, for he rarely gets within reaching distance of the tournament prize. A wise rule restricts contestants for the consolations to players put out in the first match actually played, and this is usually effective. Sometimes, however, it is the other way. A match can be, and someother way. A match can be, and sometimes is, lost through one player 'laying down' to the other, his inferior, and as the letter of the law has not been broken there is no redress, "Tis a pity that some men, otherwise models of rectitude, have such blunt consciences, for it is not easy to sting them with the whip of rebuke."

The particular case that inspired this editorial was the culmination of a series. It did involve actual quitting. A certain It did involve actual quitting. A certain player who had offended before was en-tered in a tournament where the draw put him in the first round against a man easily inferior. The second round would have

# Itching Aching



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put him against one of two players either one of whom surely could beat him. To win his first match and to lose the second would put him out of the tournament, and at the same time would keep him out of his beloved consolations. So he borrowed beloved consolations. So he borrowed from another player a very poor racquet, one of a style to which he was not accustomed, and then deliberately went out on the court to make an exhibition of himself. The inferior player beat him very easily and the pot hunter got into the consolations. In the interests of sport it may be noted he did not get further along than one of the earlier rounds, so he didn't get his mug after all.

all.

"But there is another 'bounder' in the lawn tennis field by comparison with whom the pot hunter takes on angelic characteristics and attributes. We refer to that misfit who is occasionally found among followers of the 'gentleman's game' and whose card is the deliberate filching of points from an unpresenting or protesting but whose card is the deliberate filching of points from an unsuspecting or protesting but impotent antagonist." says the second editorial. "Fortunately such travesties of men are rare. But the very foundation of lawn tennis is a belief in the honesty and integrity of the players, and this gives the cheat—to use the plain term—an opportunity to roam from court to court and reap his ill gotten gains without check and frequently without detection. That there are here and there men who cheat habitually and with the most barefaced effrontery is a fact and a deplorable one. But sooner or later such a player becomes a marked man, and his end is only a question of time."

time."

It is recorded by a person who knows that when this was shown to a particular player at whom it was aimed, with the remark "Well, I guess you know who that means," the player in question wept profusely. Apparently it was at being found out, for the very afternoon of the lamentations he played a tournament match and skinned like a good fellow.

Under the somewhat unfortunate system followed by the clubs in this country much is left to the players in a match to decide for themselves. There are rarely referees except for what are considered the important preliminary matches. If John

Jones is a champion and is about to play William Smith, who is a social favorite and a fair player, there will be umpire, lineamen and scorer for them. However, if some of the third raters who are trying

if some of the third raters who are trying to be champions are going to play they can go off to some far away court and have it out by themselves.

There is nothing that players so disfike as to have to make decisions on shots. Beals Wright once said he would rather have a very poor linesman than none at all, and he didn't care greatly if a man called an occasional ball wrong so long as he called it promptly and in an audible voice.

voice.

The lack of officials gives the cheat his chance, yet to the honor of the players be it said there are very few such players in the game. Furthermore, they are nowhere near the first rank of players. They are the men who would cheat to get a game or so from a top notcher in order to have something to boast about. With competent officials nothing would be left to their say so, and the game would be cleared even of this pestilential faw.

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chestnut rails, from crimson ramblers to French beans. Only this morning, says a writer in the

Only this morning, says a writer in the Gentlewoman. I heard of one or two simple expedients for achieving a pergola. On the top of two veranda posts, if you have them, place wooden brackets, and across them string two or three heavy wires from which hang clusters of vines.

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